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manifood. By Walker impy be consulted free of things personally or by letter. His well-knewn sanitarism, at 1411 Femeylvania avenue, adjaining Waland's Hotel is open daily for consultation and treatment. Office noors, 10 n m to five p m; Wednes-day and Saturday evenings, 7 to 8; Sundays, 10 to 12

es for treatment very low. All interviews and correspondence sa-eredly confidential. No case made public without consent of patients.

### STORYETTES.

At a recent large country wedding, says the New York Tribune, all the carriages the New York Tribune, all the carriages far and mar were engaged to convey the guest from the statich and the various country houses to the bridal reception. "I mit sorry, makin," and the village undertaker, in whom one of the perplexed hostesses and applied in despair for a couple of conches, "but we had to put off two functions to day on account of this weddin," and transplexed it to his lips. The action was so smple, so grateful that she felt ashamed and ran up the stairs to her own room. Her confortless breakfast of a dry roll to have morning made her a little re-Entert McLean, of Greenshore, N. C., was once practicing before Judge Teargee, when he toot has temper at some rating and used gone perulant expression. Instantly the court does to do," she thought, and she went out to do, "she thought, and she went out to do." judge and Mr. McLean, the court does not understand you. Do you mean to ex-press contempt for the court?" Recovering this temper, McLean, balancing bimself, said with the greatest good humer. "I hope your banot will not press that ques-tion?"

Mine, de Cormel went to Versailles to see the French court, when M de Torcy and M, de Segmelay both very young, had Just been appointed ministers. She saw Just been appeared intuisions. She saw them, as well as Mine, de Maintenon, who had then grown old. When she returned to Paris some one asked her what remark-able things she had seen. "I have seen," the said, "what I never expected to see there. I have seen love in its tomb and the ministry in its cradle."

ministry in its cradle." Joseph H. Chonte, of New York, at a Gioner when he said Mrs. Choute sat at the same table was acked whom he would prefer to be if he could not be himself. He hesitated for a moment, apparently running over in his mind the great ones on earth, when his eye fell on Mrs. Choste, who was at the other and of the table looking at him with interse interest depicted in her face, and he sud-denly replied: "If I could not be myself ald like to be Mrs. Choate's second | self.

Disappointing. Wool-I detest those opera-crush hats.

Van Pelt-Why?
Wool-I tried to kick one once and it what up just as will was missing it.—New Fork World.—

and Indian Head. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenlogs at 6:30 p. m.

### Her Love Letters.

Jeanie Campbell came back from the tailor's shop where she worked and found a company of boys and girls congregated the Opportunity to Observe and bouse in which she rented a small back mon. They were hooting and jeering at a man scated in his shirt sleeves on the door-He Sees at a Glance What Others disturbed at their joers and stricks, but smoked on with his eyes fixed upon the strap of sumset sky visible above the grimy

"What's the matter?"
"Yah, Dutchy! I'n't 'e a bloomin soft? Give a boy a shillin' to go and fetch 'm semethin' to eat and is w'hin 'ere for 'em' I'n't 'e n style? Wonder 'ow long "Who is her"

"A blooming Dutchy! 'E carn't speak no English, 'e carn't-'s to mike signs-and notions fere carn't speak nothink else. I'n't

The girl paused and looked at the man-There was something in his patient attitude that anoused wer pity. Some softer renormalizance of the days before she came to this great, wicked London came over her. The man's eyes, so blue, clear and bright, and the healthy tinge of his wholesome face smote upon her with a pang of recollection of the bonest Scottish faces she had left

of the tonest Section faces she had left with confeant for their content when she had started forth to see life in London. She went up to the man and signed to him to follow her indoors. She tried to make him understand that he had been robbed. The soft gentle tones that answered her were quite uninedlighte. He smiled, shrugged has shoulders, spread his hands and looked at her with that calm trustfulhess one wes in dogs and children.
She smiled, nodded, pointed up the stars and then ran out of the house. She

returned with a loaf of bread and a half pound of sausages for him and roll for her-self. She would make that do. He was a

her day's work.

When she returned in the evening she when she returned in the evening she found him standing curside his door. He bowed and smiled, opened his door and showed his various purchases on his table. He had evidently found his way round to shops. She went up the stairs, feeling the least bit disappointed that he day not require her help any more. He semed different from the jaded, vulgarmen and women she came in contact with in her city life. The air of the fields seemed to cling to him still. She thought as she tolled up the weary stairs bow sweet the country must be looking now. Was the sun shining on the hills at home and making the waters of the loch sparkle, the bonny hills that she would never see again? Friends were dead, and to a tailoress at twelve shillings a week it was indeed a farct to Loch Awe. week it was inded a far cry to Loch Awe Something was on her table, a little sketch of a sweep of wide hills, with fir forests charging to their sides, a little cluster of houses with wide overhanging roofs and sbutters to the windows. A fig-

ure was standing in the doorway of one "That is his house," said Jeanie to herring is also house, and seame to her self. "What a funny thing to do, to give me a picture of it! I wish I could send him back one of Loch Awe and our house up on the brace."

The next day was Sunday. She usually

passed the morning in bed, tired out with her week's work. When she came down about the middle of the day, she met him coming in, evidently in his Sunday best. Could he have been to church? Well-it was clear be had not learned the manners of Eureka court yet

and smiles. He seemed to understand and laughed, and then she felt with a quick touch of dismay that he glanced in surprise at her unitidy dress and tousied hair. Jeannie did not "tidy" herself until afternoons; then in an enormous hat and feathers and much becarled head she perambulated the ad-juvent streets in company with girls of her acquaintance, not yet victors, only ignorant, wain, and crawing for a little of that happiness which seems to all girls their birth-

That same hair was in papers now—she binshed as she recalled the fact—her hands were grimy, her face unwashed. His eyes noted it.

They did not meet again during the week.

but next Sanday morning found Jeanle with her hair out of papers and her hands washed. She was loitering at the street corner when he came back in his spruce diothes. She gave him a pert not. She tell annoyed with him for some onknown reason and that evening made herself as respleadent as possible in her cheap, gandy finery.
"He shall see that I can be smart too."
she thought, and tossed her head as he appeared.

He stopped, and drawing a notebook from his pocket rapidly skerched a church front upon it. She shook her head. He booked puzzled. Then his quick fingers drew the outside of one of the commonest type of meeting house. She shook her headagrain and moved off. Somehow sheddly

not like to show him how she spent her Sunthe to show that now sate plants of the venture became very hot. Jeanie drooped more and more in the unhealthy workroom and sturry stream. He seemed to notice it, for on one Saturday night she found a drawing of trees and a path while the found a drawing of trees and a path and figures walking about, and under-neath the figures 2:30. Could be be ask-ing her to go for a walk? She waited in

At 2.20 a knock came at her door. There he was with the he was, with his square, ugly, good-natured face smiling at her. She felt awkward going down the stairs with him. What could they do during a whole walk if neither could speak to the other? But that walk did not take place. The smart the arsund her neck had been the price of her dinner. She turned faint and reeled, then sat down on the stairs and burst

She hardly knew if she was vexed or pleased to find herself picked up like a baby and carried up to her own room and laid upon her best. She sat up and drank some water, while he stood looking per-plexedly at her, and she blushed that he ould see her untidy, disorderly room,

He went out. In a few minutes she heard her door open and something pushed along the floor. It was a little jug of hot coffee and milk and a plate of German rolls.

The next day another picture was left. It represented a large workshop, with men sitting at tables, all busily engaged over some mechanical work. Underneath was written the figures 30 shillings. With unskillful fingers the drew an outline of a cost and waistcost and a needle and thread and posted it at his door as she went out, but she had to come back again, she was so ill, and all day she hay there alone waiting for what was the only friendly signal in the world to ber—the scrap of

signal in the world to ber-the scrap or paper of the foreign artist.

She heard it pushed under the door at last and feebly rose and groped for it. Her head was throbbing so that she could scarcely see that it contained a whole line of portraits—an elderly man and

woman and younger faces, among which was his own, his family doubtless. She made a rough outline of her hat, with a sharp oval for a face underneath. she was too ill to get it down to him. She pushed it octund trusted that he would fetch it. She heard him in the morning come up again, and then she heard no more, for the fever seized upon her, and when next she woke to consciousness she was lying on a hospital bed. For days she was too weak to speak or think, but when she was able one of the nurses asked her if she would like to see some papers which had been brought to the hospital for her, and the nurse spread them out before

The first was of a man following a stretcher through the streets, then the same man sitting alone in a solitary room with his head bowed upon his hand and weeping. the next, the same man at a door, evi She tried to express her thanks by looks | dently asking questions of a porter within;

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the next, the man was beside a bed on which lay a deathlike figure. "Has be been to see me?"

"Yes, it was when we thought you were dying he came every day, but we could not tell him anything. No one could speak his language, but at last we found it was Wendish, from the borders of Saxony and Bohemia, and one of the doctors here got him a book in it by which he could study English. You will see by the sketches."

The next one represented the man with the book in his hand. The next showed the man in a train, and then on board a steamer, and then in another train.

Jeans dropped the papers
"He is gone!" she said, with a little
weak cry. "Oh, why have I get any bet-

"There is another picture," said the nurse, and she unrelied it for the trembling girl.

The man had arrived at the little village Jeanse remembered in the first sketch; then the interior of a house was shown; a coffin lay in the middle of the room; an old woman, two girls and three men knelt

"His father is dead," said Jeanle. And she turned to the next. The man was at the hospital door.

"Oh, he is coming back!" she cried. "Oh, he is coming back!" she cried.

"See, this is the last," said the nurre, and
as she held if up she laughed. It was the
man on one knee before a girl—Jeanie in
her outrageous hat—but there was a little
sketch up in the right-hand corner, as
if it was yet in the distance, the same little
village with the pine forests around, the
two figures—the man and Jeanie—walking
arm in arm up the village street. The
murse held her sides for laughing.

"It's the funniest thine I ever saw in

"It's the funnlest thing I ever saw in my life!" she said . Jennie gathered her papers together with some dignity.

"I don't call it funny," she said. "Ithink it was just the nicest thing that ever was done to any girl." "My loofel" said a voice at her side. And there was the man. Jeanie gave a little cry.

"My loofe!" said the man again. "It is my first English to you, and it vill be my last. My loofel" And Jeanle, with all the dreams of her girlhood back upon her, put her arms round his neck, and sobbing. said, "And I don't even know your name, but I don't care for anything in the world but you,"—New York Tribune.

## Chicago Board of Trade.

40 a. m., Sixth and B Streets N. W. Cire or from our agents at depot. NY, 623 F St. N. W.						Missourt Pacific
		Op'n.	High	Low.	Ciosa.	Tennessee Coal & Iron 3774 8774 3674 3674 1674 17 Texas Pacific
ti.						U. S. Cordage
å	WHEAT	Carrier I		700		Western Union 9134 9134 9134 9134 Wabash preferred 2014 2014 1934 1934
ă	Feptember	65% 67%	6734 6934	6634	6736 6956	Whee & L E 17% 17% 16% 16%
	CORN:	480				D. Delin and Market
8	September	45 354£	4436	425%	44%	Baltimore Markets.
ė.	OATS:	swyg.	3656	251/6	3574	Baltimore, July 11.—Flourdull unchanged
62	September	2336	2314	2234	2314	-receipts, 9,852 barrels; shipments, 1,377
h.	Pecember	****	*****	******	******	barrels; sales, 150 barrels. Wheat unsettled
**	September	11:32	11.59	11.15	11:35:	-spot and month, 67a67 1-8; August.
	December	******				67a67 1-1; September, 68a68 1-4; steamer
1,	LARD					No. 2 red. 64a64 1-4-receipts, 20,852
n	September	6.42	6.50	6.37	6.45	bushels; shipments, 104,000 bushels; stock,
	December		******	*****	******	120.652 bushels; sales, 70,000 bushels;
42	September	6.92	6.35	6.00	6.30	Southern wheat by sample, 65a68; do, on
t-	December	******		******	****	grade, 62 I-2a67 I-2. Corn quiet— spot, 48a48 I-4; month and August, 47 I-2 bid;

New York Cotton. Oping, High. Low Close 6.84 6.89 6.81 6.58 6.88 6.95 6.88 6.93 6.94 7.00 6.93 6.28

Washington Grain Market. Reported by the Grain Exchange. Spring patent floor, per barrel, 3,70a4-00

spring straight flour, per barrel, 3.50a3.70; winter putent flour, per barrel, 3.70a3.90 winter straight flour, per barrel, 3.50a3.75; winter straight flour, per barrel, 3.50a3.75; winter extra flour, per barrel, 3.25a3.50; clipped white oats, per bushel, 35a34; No. 2 white oats, per bushel, 35a34; No. 2 mixed oats, per bushel, 29.1-2a30.1-2; No. 2 yellow corn, per bushel, 52a53; No. 2 white corn, per bushel, 52a53; No. 1 timothy hay, per ton, 17.06a17.50; No. 2 timithy hay, per ton, 14.00a15.00; No. 1 mixed hay, per ton, 14.50a15.00; No. 1 cut hay, per ton, 17.00a17.50; bulk bran, per ton, 15.00a16.00; bulk middlings, per ton, 17.50a19.50; ree straw, per ton, 10.00a12.00; wheat straw, per ton, 5.00a5.50. The above quotations for car lots 5.50. The above quotations for car lots delivered on track, Washington.

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